

"What fools these Mortals be!"  
MIDSUMMER-NIGHTS DREAM.

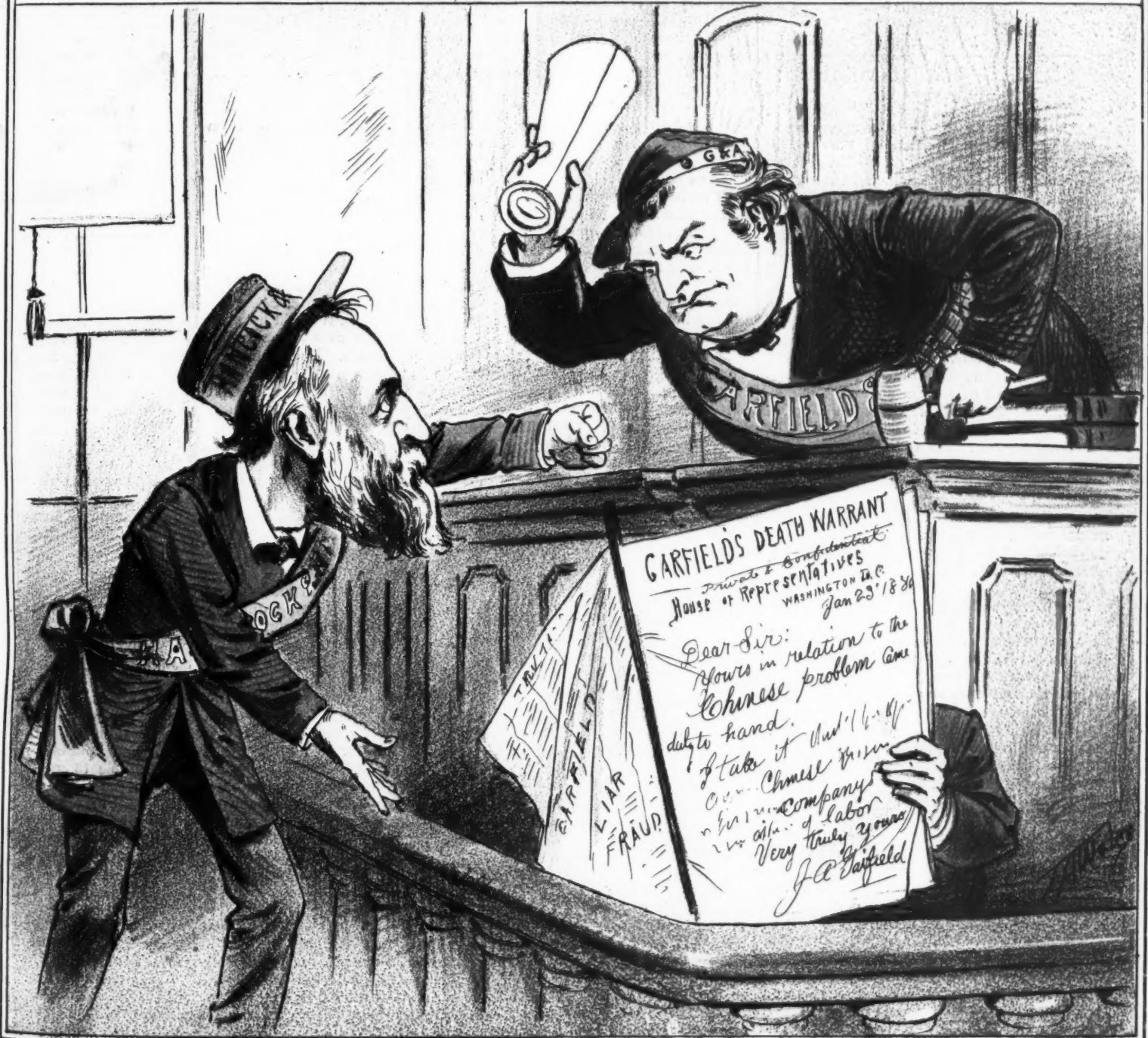
# Puck

PUBLISHED BY  
KEPPLER & SCHWARZMANN.

NEW YORK  
TRADE MARK REGISTERED 1878.

OFFICE No. 21 - 23 WARREN ST.

ENTERED AT THE POST OFFICE AT NEW YORK, AND ADMITTED FOR TRANSMISSION THROUGH THE MAILS AT SECOND CLASS RATES.



THE RETORT COURTEOUS.

NOAH DAVIS:—"Sir, you're No Gentleman!"—A. S. HEWITT.—"Sir, you're No Judge!"

## PUCK.

OFFICE: Nos. 21 & 23 WARREN STREET,  
NEW YORK.

PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY.

## TERMS TO SUBSCRIBERS.

(UNITED STATES AND CANADA.)  
 One Copy, one year, or 52 numbers.....\$5.00  
 One Copy, six months, or 26 numbers.....2.50  
 One Copy, for 13 weeks.....1.25  
 (ENGLAND AND ALL COUNTRIES IN THE BERNE POSTAL TREATY.)  
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 One Copy, six months, or 26 numbers.....3.00  
 One Copy, three months, or 13 numbers.....1.50  
 5¢ INCLUDING POSTAGE. 5¢

UNDER THE ARTISTIC CHARGE OF.....JOS. KEPPLER  
 BUSINESS MANAGER.....A. SCHWARZMANN  
 EDITOR.....H. C. BUNNER

Puck this week consists of  
 18 PAGES.

## PUCK'S ANNUAL

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## CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

"SIR, you're no gentleman!" "Sir, you're no judge!" This is very nearly a colloquial condensation of the controversy between Judge Davis and Mr. Hewitt, and the fact that each is as much in the right as the other is in the wrong does not make the fight any the more creditable. Mr. Hewitt has played his good record for more than it was worth. He has touched pitch, with the usual consequences; and it can be but small consolation to him to know that Judge Davis, in handling him, has got some of the adhesive foulness on his fingers. Mr. Hewitt's personal respectability has been his protecting saint for many years. If he is so careless of her purity and glory as to drag her into association with a pack of forgers and perjurers, he must not be surprised if she shows a soiled robe to the world, and the world makes its comments thereon. No special pleading will do the case much good. The public has well nigh made up its mind that the infamous outrage which was perpetrated a week before the last election would have had but little influence on political events had it not been that Mr. Hewitt's moral indorsement was generally understood to adorn a forged letter.

This the public might well have pardoned, had it been only an error of judgement. But the awkward part of the case is that, unless Mr. Hewitt's own testimony is much misconstrued, he thought the letter in question genuine enough for publication as a campaign document, not genuine enough for him to bolster up on his individual responsibility, when, only a day or two afterward, he had occasion to express his opinion on the subject in the course of a public speech. It was a queer business. If Mr. Hewitt could swear to the signature alone of a letter that purported to be wholly in the handwriting of a man whose political life depended on proving that he did not write it, nobody can deny that Mr. Hewitt would have done well to retire from the expert business for that particular occasion.

No doubt the amiable victim of Judge Davis's extra-judicial wrath thinks it very hard on him that he is held so sternly to account for merely expressing, in a weak and doubtful way, an opinion which many others put forward with insolent boldness. He does not un-

derstand that there was a vast difference between him and his colleagues. He was respectable, to all the world. They were not respectable even to themselves. Nobody cares much what Barnum did in the matter of the letter. Everybody cares what Hewitt did. Unfortunately for himself, he has done just enough to get an unpleasant odor of Barnumism about his clothes that won't fade out for a while yet. A variation of the treatment given to garments that have become intimately acquainted with the effusions of the impulsive and propulsive pole-cat might be of service to Mr. Hewitt. Let him bury himself in oblivion for a while—until he is nicely deodorized.

A dip in the Lethean waters wouldn't hurt Judge Davis a bit, either. If he cannot tell the judicial bench from the party platform, it is pretty clear that his perceptive faculties need a rest. As a private citizen, his ideas are sound, and his noble ire is highly praiseworthy. As a judge, the expression of these views and the outburst of the said ire is not especially desirable. The judge ought to take a vacation, and spend the time in meditation on the dignity and self-restraint of the ancient philosophers and law-givers—Socrates, and Aristides, and Plato, and all that lot. A little judicious imitation of these antique models might give the public more respect for the court presided over by His Honor.

We had always supposed that the champion dunderhead Exhibition Commission was the one which got up the Philadelphia horror four years ago—we had supposed so up to last week. Since then we have learned that the enlightened committee which has taken charge of the preliminary arrangement for the show of 1884 can give the centennial idiots points on mismanagement. Of all the sites suggested to them for the grounds of the "Exposition," they have selected the one that is most objectionable—that one of which they had not even the right to think.

Hands off the Park! Go to Tubby Hook or to Coney Island with your show, gentlemen; but leave us our best and most sacred bit of property—the heritage of over crowded, cooped-up city-folk—our Park. You are beginning pretty boldly to show your self-constituted authority. Take care that you do not offend a body of people who are not, at the best, over-anxious for the season of noise and excitement and inconvenience you are preparing for them! If we may venture to express an opinion, we do not think you will be allowed to carry things with a high hand here, as was done in Philadelphia. We shall not like to have you close the exhibition on Sunday, to please Mr. Joseph Hawley's sabbatarian prejudices, and to give members of the committee of management a chance to take their friends through the show quietly and privately. Sweet friends, a word in your ears—If you must be dunderheaded, don't be too dunderheaded—just dunderheaded enough—for an Exhibition Commission. It will be healthier for you.

Thanksgiving is upon us again. It is just about, if not quite, twelve months since it was last here. It comes too often. Once in four years would be quite enough; the month need not be changed, and the thanksgiving would always be on hand just after the Presidential election, when people have really something for which to be thankful. We throw out this little suggestion to the future cabinet of President-elect Garfield, that it may take steps to embody it in the constitution: and we shall not ask as a reward a post office or a foreign mission. We shall feel amply repaid by its adoption, because it will save us the trouble of drawing cartoons and writing about turkeys and such

things once every year. But as Thanksgiving is here, we must make the best of it, which we do in our finest pictorial style in our centre cartoon. Many among us have much to be thankful for.

Almost-Ex-President Hayes must be glad his four years of toil and turmoil are nearly over, and he has now \$150,000 more in the world to invest in Ohio property, which is even enough to enable him to start private agricultural fairs of his own and end his days in the placid enjoyment of this favorite mode of dissipation. President-elect Garfield, too, ought to feel happy and contented in mind at seeing \$50,000 a year for four years ahead of him, which will effectually prevent his being bothered by shady contractors or financial schemers. Mr. Tilden should give thanks because he has not been obliged to tap his bar'l, and General Hancock should rejoice that he has not a chance of having the cares of the Presidency thrust upon him for at least the next four years. Sarah Bernhardt, too, ought not to feel down-hearted if a constantly increasing bank account can do anything towards putting such an exalted personage as an ex-sociétaire of the Comédie Française in a joyous mood.

The list would be too long if we were to give the names of all the distinguished individuals, who have every reason to be satisfied, more or less, with the manner in which things have turned out for morally, intellectually, physically, financially and politically. The only exception to this rule is, perhaps, Mr. John Kelly. Mr. Kelly can scarcely have much to rejoice at, politically, and he may find some difficulty in digesting his turkey. He started out to achieve a victory on certain lines—and he achieved it—but it was not the signal success he yearned for. He elected his Mayor, and he defeated his President, but the majorities in both cases were not sufficiently extensive. It might have been worse for his reputation as a Democrat, but not much—not very much. But it appears that everybody else has reason to be thankful for something. Business men tell us that commercial matters are booming, that people who never dreamt of paying for the things they bought do so now with a promptness and regularity that are surprising. Theatrical managers say little, but their comparative silence is eloquent of shekels that fill the treasury. PUCK does not like to talk much about himself, but he is well satisfied, too. Let us then all eat our turkey and be hilariously happy.

The old methods of theatrical advertising are becoming quite stale, and many of our queens of drama and song are becoming alive to the fact. Having one's diamonds stolen, Parisian though they be, no longer thrills the sensitive newspaper reader. An escape from a burning building attracts little attention, while tumbling out of a wagon or being run away with by a horse creates no greater sensation than an order for an oyster-stew. Something must be done, or actresses will never be able to keep their names before the public in a proper manner. We come to the rescue, and in our last page cartoon we give a few hints, of which our leading actresses should not be slow to take advantage. Sadie Bernhardt advertises herself by making a large collection of American money. This is her specialty; she has a patent which cannot be infringed, and thus defies competition. But there is nothing to prevent Mary Anderson riding on a bicycle, or Clara Morris dancing on a tight rope across Niagara, or Mr. Talmage and Miss Jefferson Lewis having a bout with the boxing-gloves, or Miss Fanny Davenport getting herself up like Sadie. Why don't they do these things?



# THE STATE SENATE INVESTIGATING COMMITTEE.

**T**HE Committee appointed by the Senate to inquire into the workings of the city government resumed its investigations yesterday.

The first witness called was Mr. Nibbsy, Chief of the Bureau for Horse-Car Taxes. He said that he had no recollection of ever being out of the public service. He was a Tammany man, and found it very convenient to remain so.

It made him feel kinder secure in his position. The Bureau for Horse-Car Taxes was a necessary department of the city government. The most terrible consequences would ensue, if it were abolished. It was absolutely necessary to the existence of New York.

There was no occasion for any reform anywhere. New York was governed in model style, and there could not possibly be any improvement.

**CHAIRMAN OF COMMITTEE.**—What salary do you receive?

**MR. NIBBSY.**—\$10,000 a year and pickings.

**CHAIRMAN.**—What are your duties?

**NIBBSY.**—To receive taxes from the horse-car companies.

**CHAIRMAN.**—Do the horse-car companies pay their taxes?

**NIBBSY.**—Sometimes, at least not always.

**CHAIRMAN.**—How much did the Bureau receive last year from the companies?

**NIBBSY.**—It was not a large amount.

**CHAIRMAN.**—What was the amount?

**NIBBSY.**—It was a—a—nothing.

**CHAIRMAN.**—Then what had the clerks of the Bureau to do?

**NIBBSY.**—They had to make up the accounts.

**CHAIRMAN.**—What accounts?

**NIBBSY.**—The accounts for the taxes. If the companies did not pay them, they had to know how much they owed.

**CHAIRMAN.**—How many persons are employed in your Bureau?

**NIBBSY.**—About a dozen. We could not possibly do with fewer.

**CHAIRMAN.**—Tell me how you pass the day.

**NIBBSY.**—I reach the office about eleven o'clock. I then read all the papers. I go out two or three times in the morning for cocktails. Then comes lunch. I usually have a good appetite and get through in about an hour and a half. This sets me up for the day and I feel like attending to business. I attend to it and afterwards discuss politics at sundry bar-rooms on my way up-town. The duties, you see, are quite arduous, and the emoluments are not great.

**SENATOR SOAPSUDS.**—How do the other clerks in the Bureau manage to employ themselves?

**NIBBSY.**—Their duties are as onerous as mine. They spend a little time in seeing and extending hospitality to their friends. These gentlemen otherwise would have no place to stroll in during the winter and to warm their toes. It would be cruel to deprive them of this privilege. There is, in my opinion, too little attention paid to the comfort of city employees.

**CHAIRMAN.**—Then you don't think that your department requires re-organization?

**NIBBSY.**—Not the least bit. And if I may be allowed to make a remark, I do not see the utility of this Senate Committee at all. If my department were done away with, I should just like to know what would become of all the restaurants and liquor saloons in the neighborhood—to say nothing of the boot-blacks and fruit-stands. No, gentlemen, it won't bear a thought.

Mr. Slusher, Chief Clerk of the Street-Cleaning Bureau, testified that he knew that there were several streets in New York. Some were

clean and some were not. A great many were not. He could not very well account for it, but it was certainly not the fault of the Street-Cleaning Bureau. Mud was a pesky nuisance; it would persist in accumulating. He thought that an appropriation ought to be made for extra men to scrape the mud off the wheels of vehicles as they enter the city.

**CHAIRMAN.**—Yes, that might be desirable; but don't you think that the Bureau could do with a little less clerical assistance?

**MR. SLUSHER.**—Impossible; we must have bookkeepers to put down the names of the streets that are always dirty, and cashiers to enter the salaries that are paid out.

**CHAIRMAN.**—But surely the services of somebody in the office can be dispensed with.

**MR. SLUSHER.**—There is one person that could be comfortably discharged without impairing the efficiency of the Department. It is the man who shakes the door-mat. The appropriations have not been sufficient to purchase a new door-mat. We have been without one for a year or two. I think the messenger boy's salary might also be reduced 50 cts. a week.

**SENATOR MUTTONHEAD.**—Which do you consider the most important branch of your department?

**MR. SLUSHER.**—That which receives the representatives of the press. The senior clerk tells the reporters why the streets are not kept clean, and the public insists on having very full information on this point. You would be astonished at the number of bottles of Whangdoodledum's Champagne we are obliged to open in the course of a week to keep on good terms with these fellows.

**CHAIRMAN.**—Does your department get any of the appropriation for city contingencies?

**MR. SLUSHER.**—Yes, a little. I may say, a fair share. It is used for cab-hire, neckwear, cigars and theatre tickets; the balance is usually invested in diamond pins.

Comptroller John Kelly was now called up as a witness. He considered that the Comptroller ought to be elected for life, and that Tammany Hall should be the only political organization that should have the right to choose the man.

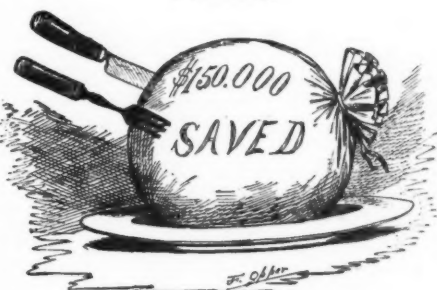
**CHAIRMAN.**—Can you offer any suggestions for the improvement of the city government?

**MR. KELLY.**—Certainly I can. In the first place, national politics ought not in any way to be allowed to interfere with it. A Presidential election, when a Mayor or other local officer is to be chosen, should be treated as a trifling matter. For my part I should be willing to see a permanent Republican President in the White House, provided he didn't stand in my way in local politics. New York City, in my opinion, is the place for a politician to gratify his ambition. There is more money in it than in a dozen Washingtons.

**CHAIRMAN.**—Do you think New York could do without a Comptroller?

**MR. KELLY.**—No, certainly not, so long as I hold that office; otherwise I fail to see its use. The Committee then adjourned.

## PRESIDENT HAYES'S THANKSGIVING TURKEY.



THE FATTEST BIRD ON RECORD.

## Puckings.

**WALLACK'S THEATRE** is going up—\*

**THE TIMES** Presidential Pension fund is yet a little short—\$235,148.50.

DOES "the soft, soothing sound of the far distant mill" refer to the mill's tone?

A **YOUNG MAN** fell down and died while running a foot-race at Louisville. We recommend his example to Mr. Courtney when rowing his next boat-race.

**HANLAN** has beaten Trickett in the boat-race, and the Australians regret that they didn't send to London a cricket umpire to decide that Trickett was the winner.

"THEY SAY that thou art false; but I still believe thee true!"—*Tammany to J. Kelly.*

"Ye're mighty civil, but—I don't belave ye do!"—*J. Kelly to Tammany.*

It is the impulsive pullet that very, O-very often does the heavy work for the farmer's basket. The thoughtful, brooding old hen may cackle-late, but she doesn't lay early and often.

SOME **BOTANY BAY** free-traders have been elected to its local Parliament. If Hancock intends to run for President in '84, he ought first to take a trip among these primitive Australians.

**SIGNOR SALVINI** has arrived. Should his engagement not prove a success, his influential friends and magnificent physique will surely procure him a good position on the dumping-scows of the Street-Cleaning Bureau.

THERE ARE 30,000 more women than men in Massachusetts. And yet Massachusetts represents the spread of Chinese civilization, blindly ignorant of the fact that the first article of the celestial religious creed teaches the propriety of drowning the superfluous female infant just as soon after birth as the father can reach the nearest river.

THE **WOMEN'S LEAGUE**, of Orange, New Jersey, has been debating the question whether it is "safe" to see Sarah Bernhardt. They decided that it was not. At latest reports, Mlle. Bernhardt was in fair health, Art was about as long as ever, and there was a small army of women of Jersey appearance skirmishing around Booth's Theatre for matinee tickets.

THE *Syracuse Standard* announces that "the Channel fleet has arrived at Queenstown, Scotland?" Stands Scotland where it did!—*Commercial Advertiser.*

It does, dear boy; and it has apparently been standing the *Syracuse Standard* a drink—that mixed drink the local name of which we don't know how to spell, but which is composed of equal parts of Jamison and Islay.

WHEN WE SAW in a fashion paper that "a lace plastron is exceedingly dressy; the ends are full, and the plaits are rather deep," we at once overhauled our own plastron, to see if it was in style. We are afraid it isn't. It is not made of lace, but of flannel; it is bound with red tape, it has no plaits that we can see; and the ends are hitched to a string that goes around our neck. There is something wrong about this. We are out of the fashion. Has our druggist deceived us?

\*Town. It moves next year to Thirtieth Street and Broadway.

## FITZNOODLE IN AMERICA.

No. CXLVIII.

## THE OPERA.



Ya-as, the aw operwa is he-ah—it usually is at this time of ye-ah, and Jack and I have stwelled in there quite frequently to listen to the music and cwticise the different wepwsentations.

Don't exactly know how it is, ye know, but I nevah feel in the operwa house he-ah as if I were in London. The tone of the place is altogether different.

The operwa in London or Parwis during the season is a pwopah lounging-place f.w a fellow and his womenkind affah dinnah or befaw going out anywhere. It is almost as necessary to a fellow in town as widing in the Wow or dving in the Park.

But he-ah it has nothing of that charwactah. People go to the operwa just as they go to any other place of amusement, and they have no ide-ah of using an operwa house in the wegulation Bwtish mannah.

Perhaps it is scarcely fai-ah that I should distwess Amerwicans by cwticising their evah wemarkable pwsceedings and want of twainig when I wemembah that I am marwied to one of them; but I weally can't help it, ye know.

Mapleson—he's a fwiend of mine—knew him in London aw—has bwrought ovah quite a decent twoupe of singahs and songstwesses. Jack says it is verwy enterprising on Mapleson's part to take the twouble to come he-ah and give Amerwicans the benefit of Italian operwa conducted according to English twaditions.

We were pwsent at something, the othah evening, which wejoices in the name of "Wigoletto."

*Wigoletto* was the kind of fellow that pwinces and wich men who lived in formah times used to keep for the purpose of making jokes and saying absurdly widiculous things at fwequent intervals.

*Wigoletto* has a daughtah who comes to gwief in the end, owing to a misundahstanding with some of the othah charwactahs. But I do not feel equal to following the wamifications of the plot.

I merely wefer to these things that it may be understood that I am not quite such a ff-fool as I look, and that I sometimes have an ide-ah of what a dwama or an operwa is about, although I nevah pwetend to compwehend these things.

The pwincipal songstwess in "*Wigoletto*" was a wathah plump young woman of, I believe, Hungarwian extwaction, named Etelka Gerster. She vocalized in a mannah that was tolerwably agweeable to me. Aw I had heard her befaw, but there was no special weason why I should not he-ah her again.

The operwa house was cwowded; but the majorwity of the audience who weally seemed to take a pwide in the wepwsentation consisted of forweignahs. The Amerwicans, Jack says, were pwincipally there because they thought it the fashion, and not because they admired the music for its own sake.

Aw it positively amuses me vastly to see the young Amerwican spwucely-dwessed cubs twying to do the ponderwous swell business in twaveling about fwom box to box.

To he-ah some of these fellows talk, one would think that their families came ovah with the Conquerwah, when, as a wule, they don't know who their gwandfathahs are—and if they did, they would not feel pwoud of the acquaint-

ance. But I don't mind so much their ignorance of their gwandparwents—that, perwhaps, is not their fault—if they would not pwetend to be so verwy gwand and superwiah.

Immeasurwably above these fellows as Jack and I are, personally, their demeanor makes very little differwence to us; but I am constwained to wefer to it fwom time to time because it cwops up offensively on innumerable occasions.

It is indeed about time that some of these young sparks impwoved in their behavior and cultivated a wetirwring mannah. I think it would have a good effect on the operwa generwally aw.

## A COURTEOUS CONCESSION.

BROOKLYN, Nov. 9th, 1880.

To Editor of PUCK—Sir:

I noticed in your paper of the 3rd inst. an inquiry about that challenge to Mr. Dusenbury, and why it was not fulfilled. At this late day, a few words of explanation must suffice, and hope they will prove a warning to those who consider themselves able to cope with professional poets. Business is business, after all.

About the time I wrote the "challenge" I thought I was flowing over with original and powerful poetry. That's what I thought. But alas! when I started to write my first installment in the "race" (Mr. D. having gracefully accepted the challenge), when I thought that

All I would need was a good steel pen,  
A basin of nut-gall ink—  
A ream or so of paper, and then  
You bet I'd make things wink,

I made a very bulging mistake. First of all I resolved to select some ponderous terrestrial theme for my anxious muse, as the following beautiful start-off will show:

When the broad, noble crust of the earth, minus its water—  
Heaves a sigh of relief on—

But here I was stuck. Relief on—on—on what? Does anything rhyme with water that would be in keeping with the noble subject? I couldn't find it. I mopped off my brow, I run my fingers through my hair till my head looked like a porcupine's back, I changed my pen, got a different color ink, commenced all over again on a new sheet of paper, but, alas! Something sat down on my muse and would not get off. My head began to shrink, my hand lost all power to grasp the pen, my eyes weakened and I felt myself rapidly going into consumption. I thought I would exercise a little, so I stood up and, mechanically placing my hands behind my back, I paced the floor. While doing the laps, I kicked holes in the carpet, wounded the cat and broke a vase. Still no poetry could be turned on. My muse was as completely floundered as a defeated candidate. Suddenly the question loomed up in my mind, Am I a poet? While as rapidly, if not more so, came the awful answer, No! What am I? Answer, No poet! My inner consciousness rang out these words. I had to submit and I acknowledged it. But, I said to myself, What will Mr. Dusenbury think? I know he will be standing around the front door of the office, ready to turn the letter-man outside in if he didn't hurry up with that letter which he knew was there, and which his muse was just dying to get a claw on. None came, from me, at least, and for the above very obvious reason, No poet! And now I know I was a mean, sycophantic pretender in challenging the all-devouring, professional and greased-lightning muse of Mr. D., and hope that he will accept the humble apologies of one self-acknowledged, quashed poet in the person of  
D. O. GRATIAS.

## THE JOURNALIST'S WOOING.



MITHRIDATES OPPENHEIMER was the editor of a *Fashion Weekly*. It was a noble sheet, printed on tinted paper and illustrated with pictured of touching family groups promenading about with idiotic expressions and awfully new costumes. Oppenheimer was sole editor.

He had no staff, in fact, he relied largely on the staff of other journals, of whose labors he availed himself through the medium of a pair of shears. It was in this way that he got up thrilling columns full of rich items of news such as these:

Mrs. Genevieve Tinker, a very handsome lady and a superb entertainer, has returned to town, and will give one of her elegant *musicales* on the 5th instant. The event is eagerly anticipated.

Miss Goldie Striker, a tall, willowy blonde, with beautiful brown eyes, a prominent society belle, contemplates wintering in this city.

We are glad to hear that Colonel James B. Isaacs is once more in our midst.

Miss L. Jettie Towser is visiting a lady friend in Akron, O.

The only chance his creative genius had to show itself was in getting up the column of "Fashion Notes." There he enunciated the dicta of fashion, and the whole feminine world trembled before him. When he said: "Bangles will be worn much this winter," or "Pink kid brogans are all the rage for ladies of matronly appearance," you felt that a powerful hand was on the lever of that mighty engine, the Press.

Alas for Oppenheimer. He knew his power, and he misused it.

He loved; but he could not wed. Fashionable journalism is a great and noble thing; but it does not pay. Oppenheimer realized that his income, even including his commissions on the sale of paper patterns, would not enable him to support a wife, as wives wish to be supported nowadays. What was he to do? He could not increase his income. He must reduce the expectations of his wife. For that purpose he would use the mighty engine referred to.

The next day he wrote in the *Fashion Notes*:

It is no longer *bon ton* for young gentlemen of fashion to present engagement-rings to their fiancées.

Then he went to the house of Miss Anastasia Pettingill, and offered himself. She accepted him. She looked as if she would have liked a diamond ring; but she said nothing. Next week she read in her betrothed's paper:

Presents between fiancées are now considered in very bad *gout*.

She sighed; but she said nothing. The next week the *Fashion Weekly* said:

When engaged persons enter an ice-cream saloon, it is now the height of fashion for the lady to pay for her own refreshments.

A week after, this item appeared:

Brides this year will dress very simply. Calico is the fashionable material.

And when the ensuing issue of the paper was laid before her, Anastasia Pettingill read with a breaking heart this double-barreled shot:

Flats are no longer the *mode* for young married couples. It is considered vulgarly ostentatious to have more than one room. For light employment for married ladies, art-embroidery is now quite out of date, although in the way of toweling work fine effects may be obtained on a smooth wood ground—a floor, for instance. Fancy sewing, especially in connection with buttons, is much affected.

This was too much. When Mithridates Oppenheimer went to seek his bride, he learned that she had gone into a convent and taken the double-extra black veil, remarking that nothing was left her now to live for.

Oppenheimer has retired from the *Fashion Weekly*, and has now a gloomy but lucrative position on *The Shroud*, the organ of the undertaking profession.



## THE GUSH FAMILY.—THEIR PILGRIMAGE TO THE SHRINE OF SARAH.



HAVE seen Her.

A woman—a fragile, delicate woman, vibrant with the impulse of genius—utterly and supremely vibrant.

When I first heard that She was coming here, I wept awhile. Then I went to my sister Ludovica—she who comprehends me best of all.

"Ludovica," I said: "She is coming." I showed her the journal—the paltry, vulgar sheet immortalized and glorified by the mention of Her name. I mean the name of Sarah Bernhardt. When I write *her*, I mean my sister. When I write *Her*, I mean Sarah Bernhardt. I crown her with capitals. Would I could have them gilt.

"Hyperion," she replied, pressing the sheet to her bosom: "we have never lived until now."

"Ludovica," I said: "we have lived; but we have not pulsated."

I rushed to my father. He does not comprehend me, my father. His soul is strangely gross, considering that he is my father. The sordid dross which furnishes us with means of subsistence he earned—I blush to own it—he earned in servile trade. Pork, I think it was—he traded in the lifeless flesh of swine in some barbarian western town—Cincinnati, meseems.

I told him all. Heaven alone knows what it cost me to express to him my desire in that commonplace language which alone he understands. When it was done, he frowned. I knew he would. He thought at once of Dross.

His words, low, unæsthetic, still ring in my ears: "Season-tickets sixty dollars. Seven in family. Seven times six is forty-two. Four hundred and twenty dollars. It's powerful dear, Abe."

He always calls me Abe. My first name is Abraham. It is his. I do not recognize it. My mother gave me the name of Hyperion. That name symbolizes my soul. I call myself A. Hyperion Gush. But my father has never passed beyond the Abraham stage of culture. My whole being quivers whenever he utters the hideous word. But what can I do? I have not a mind that can descend to low, material money-making. I cannot free myself from his gold. I must suffer, to subsist.

I told him that he need not go to see Her. He could stay at home. That would reduce the paltry sum. He coarsely replied that four maidens and a matron needed an escort.

"Am I not an escort?" I asked.

"No!" he said.

But he yielded. Ludovica wept, and he yielded. The base preliminaries were accomplished—I know not how—and the hunger of my soul was satisfied. \* \* \*

The supreme night drew near. The day dawned. I rose pallid—feverous—thrilled. I went down stairs. Breakfast was on the table. None of us ate grossly, except my father. Ludovica was garbed in sage-green. Ludovica's soul is like to mine. Corisande, my second sister, has a soul, but it expands more fully in ecclesiastical wise. She said:

"I would not prostrate myself at Her altar, Hyperion, were it not that She has a face strangely and sweetly like St. Ermengarde's. I take it for a symbol."

Joan is my third sister. She said:

"This woman has brought men to her feet. She has asserted the supremacy of Woman. Therefore I love her."

Joan thrills for the supremacy of Woman. I do not thrill for it; but it is beautiful. My youngest sister is named Jane. It is a paltry name, and she debases it by allowing herself to be called Jenny. My father pronounces it Jinny. Jenny has very little soul. She is almost devoid of soul. She said:

"If you are all going to be æsthetic and cry, I had rather stay at home with papa."

I mention this only to show how little soul she has. How coarse the words look, written.

When the evening came on, I felt divinely feeble. When Ludovica came to me in my atelier—for I follow in the divine footsteps of Jones—Burne-Jones—I paint—when Ludovica sought me in the atelier, I swooned. Ludovica comprehends my soul. She swooned with me. When we revived I said:

"Ludovica, I fear this is too much."

"Hyperion," she said: "I fear it utterly is."

I ate no dinner. Jenny brought me up some beef on a plate—a china plate—but I waved her away. She said I would be ill if I took no nourishment. I felt that she was material, but right. I therefore read a poem of

Rossetti's—"The Love-Moon"—and was stronger.

When my father announced the hour for leaving the house, I said to Ludovica:

"Ludovica, what if we pray to some sweet saint to purify us for this sublime delight?"

"Hyperion," she made answer: "it were well."

We prayed to St. Ethelrida, and, supremely strengthened, went out.

When we sat in the theatre, my soul was wrenched. In the first act of the play She did not appear; but others did, and the irretrievably and intolerably flippant audience about me made comments on the players. They were holy to me, those players. They had seen Her in Her daily life; they had even touched Her hand—had looked in Her eyes.

She came.

I think the base folk about me beat their hands together and applauded. I was dumb. What word or sound had I wherewith to fitly greet the large and liberal beneficence of Her genius? With what movement of hands or rhythmic-beating feet, with what utterance of lips could I hail Her vital and various intelligence, her depth and ardor of feeling, her forthright inspiration?

And in what words or combination of words shall I describe the unfolding of Her supreme incomparable perfection. Low and blunderingly presumptuous critics have dared, in their infamous and unspeakable insolence, to qualify the wholly sweet and sad matchlessness of Her triumph.

What of that?

Has She not a pungent and fiery fidelity to artistic truth, a stainless pathos?

And is it to be received as a contingent or conceivable possibility that these last offspring of ignorance in unholy alliance with prejudice are to be allowed to sit in judgement on this supremest evolution of the triumphantly perfect femininity of the nineteenth century? My soul sickens at the thought.

Yet there were beings who blasphemed. My father said: "I have seen Rachel and I have seen Bernhardt. Give me Rachel." And when I said some poor words of witness to Her incomparable excellence, my sister Jenny said that I did not know what I was talking about. I think that for one unworthy minute my sister's mind dwelt on the fact that she understood French and I did not.

I can write no more. A swooning-ful beatitude takes possession of me. I think of Her, and I am utterly and uncharacterizably gone.

Yours faintfully,

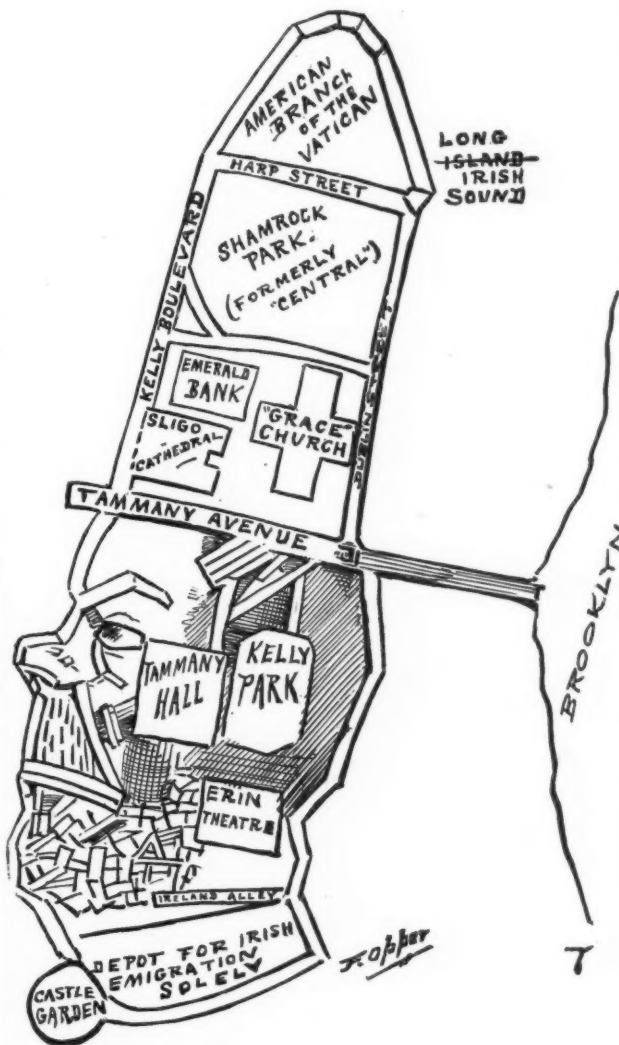
A. HYPERION GUSH.

P. S.—I must add to this some brief tribute to the grandeur of the only man who has fitly worshiped Her in the vulgar newspapers—Jehan Soudan.

Such divine abnegation of manhood and reason—such utter falling at the feet—such supreme servitude of abasement, I have never yet seen. Would I could prostrate myself with him. And how choicely and spiritually sweet in him to spell Jean Jehan.

A. H. G.

## PUCK'S REVISED MAP OF THE CITY OF NEW CORK,



FORMERLY KNOWN AS NEW YORK.

## THE CORONER'S PARADISE

MEMPHIS, Tenn., Nov. 1st, 1880.

To the Editor of PUCK—Sir:

I am forced to respond to an article published in last week's PUCK, under the head of "I'll Be Hanged if I Do," and written by Mr. Ernest Harvier. It is much against my wishes that I do so, for, in the first place, I am no journalist, and, secondly, I have not the ability to "kick" against such a gigantic liar as Mr. Harvier—for every word in the article is a most atrocious falsehood. I would like to ask Mr. Harvier if he has ever been in Tullahoma, and if so, how he got there? Did he go by boat or by rail? He says it is reached by a railroad which travels 3 miles an hour, and which charges according to time. This is a lie! It is reached by the Nashville and Chattanooga R. R., which is one of the best roads in the South, being all steel rails, and travels at the rate of 30 miles an hour. Perhaps Mr. Harvier feared that the Coroner would serve him the way in which he says the roost-raiders were. But he could rest easy on that score, for there is no Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals there yet.

TENNESSEAN.

In reply to this indictment Mr. Harvier thus speaketh: "Tennessean" seems to have mis-conceived the scope and purposes of PUCK. The paper, despite its tenacious adherence to the literal facts in all current questions, has somehow acquired the reputation of being humorous, and the article, "I'll Be Hanged if I Do," was designed to be amusing. The practice of treating current topics in a jocular and diverting way has steadily grown to be an established one in the various departments of the paper, and the popularity with which it has been favored has strengthened the belief in the minds of many of its contributors that this is the true spirit of the publication. There are those, however, who read Puck in evident disregard of such a spirit of levity. "Tennessean" is one of these. I never was in Tullahoma. Never wish to be. The town is inland. Hence the modes of ingress are not by boat or cars, but by cars, by foot and by balloon.

The latter is the only one usually adopted as the safest; but those pressed for time prefer walking to the railway. I have never heard of a boat being used over the roads. It is a matter of serious regret that any misunderstanding should have arisen. If "Tennessean" will come to New York, I think we can settle the matter amicably. If not, I will go to Tennessee. Puck will see fair play, anyway, and will not permit Tullahoma to be slighted because it is small. When "Tennessean" calls me a "gigantic liar," he proves him self no lady. It is a calumny. The episode I recounted occurred on the morning of September 14th 1871. As by the current rate of speed on Tennessean railroads it takes 60 days to go from Tullahoma to Memphis—a distance of 309 miles—and as walking is only five days shorter, it seems to me apparent that "Tennessean" could not have been in Tullahoma at the time mentioned. It will afford me, therefore, infinite pleasure at some future time to stigmatize him, and in the meanwhile I will exert myself with all ardor and diligence to see that no blood shall flow or sanguinary consequences ensue between us. "Tennessean" appears to have satisfied himself on the subject of a Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals before writing to PUCK.

Enmities, which are permitted to smoulder, are apt, in the end, to burst out into fierce consuming flame and to devour both combatants. It is probably in anticipation of some such terrible result that Mr. Harvier has, with all the proverbial haste of a newspaper man, furnished us this reply to the challenge flung

before him. We have done our part; and we now leave Mr. H. to the blood-thirsty "Tennessean" who seems to yearn for the gore of Tullahoma's inexact historian. Should our Tennessee correspondent determine to come North to avenge, in person, the insults heaped upon the town-seat of Coffee County, we trust he will not forget to bring at least a brace of shot guns and red shirts for a score of newspaper men who will be on hand to meet him. All the writers on the New York Press are, proverbially, good fighters. If the "Tennessean" wishes the inquest upon his body to be attended with all the pomp with which it would be in his native state and not to be too expensive in the matter of fees, we advise him to bring his own coroner.

## SADIE BERNHARDT'S RECEPTION.



OUR Esteemed Contemporary, the *World*, stated in its comments on Mlle. Bernhardt's Art Reception, that what is known as the best society was not represented there, and that as a social star she failed completely. Our E. C. will pardon us, if we venture to differ from it. Not only was society represented, but the very best specimens of New York society were present on the occasion. How do we know this? Because the people present stared divine Sadie out of countenance. Therefore they must have belonged to society. They shoved, and pushed, and fought. Therefore they must have belonged to good society. They tore each other's clothes; they mussed Sadie's garments in their efforts for an introduction—therefore they were of the best society. They made loud and vulgar remarks; they pretended to speak French—therefore they were of the very best society, the *crème de la crème*, as it were. So much for our E. C., the *World's* misrepresentations. We knew, as we always know everything, that Sadie would be just as much sought after by *le grand monde* in New York, as she was in London. There are, we believe, a few people on Fifth Avenue, who have not and who do not intend to countenance Miss Sadie in their particular circle. This is unfortunate for Sadie, who probably does not hanker after social distinction in New York; but it suggests the question: Would Miss Sadie Bernhardt in her own home be anxious to receive the plutocracy—not the aristocracy—who have concluded to give her the cold shoulder here? We think not.

## LETTER TO GEN. GARFIELD.

My dear James:

Now that you're elected, as I knew you would be, there'll be lots of fellows peanutting around you. I know 'em! I wasn't an Alderman, once, for nothing. Leastways I was head clerk to one. Them cusses is just on the dead make, yet they'd taffy an innocent corpse out of his coffin and weep the starch out of the shroud. I know 'em!

You and me ain't been what you'd call intimate friends, seemingly, up till now, but the fault will be yours if the same continues into the future: we, really, can't afford this. I'm too disinterested and always was; it can't be driv out of me short of a pretty big figure—in cash. I didn't vote for you: I even made some bets t'other way—mostly of a moist character. Common natures won't see into this, but you'll twig the delicacy of it immediate. Was I to be buying my own way into prosperity with a vote? Should I emfersize the same with a bet? No! I'd rather even pay the bets—and I will after I get an appointment.

Don't you be jersycoddled by them breezy new friends into promising the best things before you provide me. I know 'em! There ain't no amount of freshness and patent patriotism that they ain't got on hand in quantities to suit. But you hear to me. Go in for disinterestedness if you want to be another George. That's your lay.

I don't want a cabinet posish. I know what modesty is, and I admire her. I tumble every time to modesty and disinterestedness. They're a pair that lays over any three of a kind in the deck; yes, for ducats!

I want to leave the country, and heaps of neighbors want the same way. We would bear separation, because it is good for me to go—and good for them. I'll take the little biz of Minister to Vienne, or the same to Parree, and stand my hand. You couldn't offer no less. To be sure I can't preach, like a minister ought to, for I never learned that branch o' science, caucus meetings not requirin it. You know I can buy sermons for a song, if I only had the song. But this is no count any way: I can hire out the minister racket and you can allow for it in the wages.

Think it over, dear James, and don't let them sickerfants gabbygosh you out of doing the same thing for me and the country. Be disinterested, like me, and you'll be happy. You can't help it. Shake them selfish barnacles. I know 'em! I've got fitness about me for one o' them posishes. I can't parlyvoo for a cent; neither can I spike tytche nor nix cum rouse no more than a deaf mule; nor I wouldn't if I could. I'd be ashamed to. It saves bother not to know what the chaps around you are talking about. Snide thing for an American citizen over there to go a fallin' into their foreign lingo and going back on the purity of his own native American language. Nary once! I don't suppose I can get in till you do. A tough winter is nigh onto us.

Any little advance on the wages sent along now, would be just pie to me and it would be reckoned out the first pay day. But don't inconvenience yourself on my account and don't give this away to them fresh ones.

I know 'em!

Yours with great esteem and expectations,

SLOWCUS.

## THANKSGIVING.



When chilly blue is heaven's vault;  
And trees with winds of winter rock;  
And thick as hoarfrost lies the salt  
Upon the butter in the crock;  
When corn supplants the cooling malt  
And double-wool the cotton sock

When azure lakes no longer smile,  
Caught in the frost-king's icy lock;  
When o'er the sky, for many a mile,  
Loud yonking sweeps the wild-goose flock;  
Then Bridget woos with baneful guile  
The ancient and altogether too-sophisticated  
Turkey-Cock.



## SADIE'S SHOW.

MISS SARAH BERNHARDT has died three times since our last issue—in "la Dame aux Camélias," "Hernani" and "Phèdre." With every new decease she seems to endear herself more and more to the New York public. Her death as *Marguerite Gautier* was even more effective than her mortuary triumph as *Frou-Frou*. Miss Gautier has one of the most extended deaths known to the stage, and Mlle. Bernhardt fully availed herself of the opportunity.

In the first two acts of the play, however, she played the part with a refinement not wholly consistent with the character, as depicted—and described—by Dumas fils. But in the later acts she gave a touching impersonation of the chastened and broken-hearted woman—much too sweet and pathetic for any cap-and-bells business on our part. It lacked the tigerish force of Miss Morris's *Camille*; but it was a fine piece of subtle naturalistic art. Her support, with the exception of MM. Gally and Gangloff, was queer—queer—oh, very queer.

That company's forte is comedy. That it did at all well in "Hernani" is very much to its credit. It gave a respectable performance; but a merely respectable performance of Victor Hugo's drama is not enlivening. We have always considered "Hernani" a very light play, from a business point of view. The star has no chance at all until the last act. We don't believe the author could make his living at writing specialty-dramas in this country. Then there is no reason why the last act should be so lacking in cheerfulness. *Hernani* is no great shakes of a lover, anyhow. *Don Carlos* is worth six of him. *Don Carlos* ought to say to the aristocratic young bandit:

"Look here, Don Juan de Etcætera, what you want is a nice quiet place in one of my custom-houses—something out of the way of investigating committees, where you can fix things to suit yourself. Leave this young woman to me—that's all right."

But then, if he had said this, we should have missed Don Ruy's cornet solo in the last scene, and Mlle. Bernhardt's admirable acting.

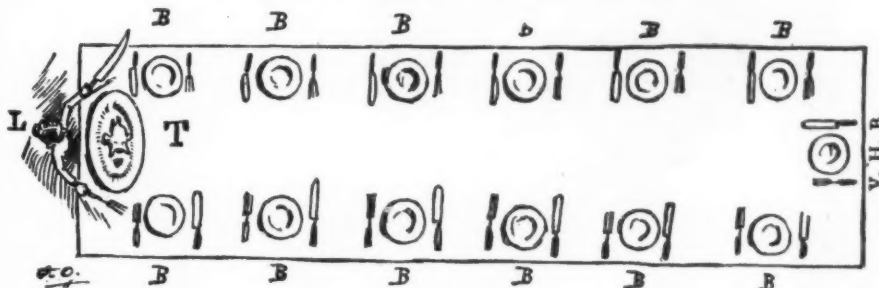
Last night Sadie Bernhardt was announced to give her ideas of the part of *Phèdre*. She will also show different styles of dissolution in "Camille" to-night, and in the "Sphinx" to-morrow night. Saturday's matinée is "Camille."

## AMUSEMENTS.

Miss Florence Copleston's third pianoforte recital took place yesterday afternoon at STEINWAY HALL. In that given there last Tuesday Miss Copleston proved herself to be an artist of a high order. In a number of difficult pieces she exhibited much facility of execution and command of the instrument. Among the selections were Schumann's "Kreisleriana" op. 16, No. 2, the Scarlatti Sonata in A, Schubert's Impromptu op. 90, No. 2, Mendelssohn's "Spinnerlied," and Liszt's "Gondoliera and Tarentella," all of which were interpreted with rare taste and skill. Yesterday Miss Copleston was assisted by Mr. Rafael Joseffy, and the programme comprised compositions of Beethoven, Bach, Schumann, Chopin and other musical Titans.

Colonel Mapleson thinks that New York has many attractive features about it, none more than its excessive appreciation of opera. London never gave better houses than those of which the Colonel has been reaping the benefit. Even Sadie Bernhardt has not interfered with the thronging of the Academy. To-night the long promised "Mefistofele" is to be produced

## A THANKSGIVING PROBLEM.



LET T REPRESENT THE THANKSGIVING TURKEY, L THE LANDLADY, B B B THE BOARDERS, AND V. H. B. THE VERY HUNGRY BOARDER. QUERY: HOW CAN L DIVIDE T SO AS TO GIVE AN EQUAL SECTION TO EACH ONE OF B B B AND LEAVE ENOUGH FOR V. H. B.? PLEASE DEMONSTRATE ON THE BLACKBOARD.

with Campanini, Novara, Cary and Valleria in the principal parts. "Faust," it is thought, will have to take a back seat.

Mr. John McCullough, the tragedian, is with us again. HAVERLY'S FIFTH AVENUE THEATRE he honors with his impersonations. Mr. McCullough's "Virginius" is a most satisfying performance. It is strong, impressive and scholarly, and one that should be seen by all hearts that yearn for such things. The mounting is surprisingly good and the engagement will be a fitting send-off for Mr. McCullough to cut Mr. Edwin Booth out in Great Britain, and what there is left of Ireland.

HAVERLY'S BROOKLYN THEATRE keeps up its reputation as giving the most intellectual and moral shows of all the places of amusement in the City of Churches. "The Tourists," with its Palace Car, its negro attendant, its funnily exaggerated sketches of railroad travelers, and its mirth, music, songs and hilarity all round, is making the average Brooklynite anything but gloomy.

Clara Morris, at Mr. Abbey's PARK THEATRE, has been giving two matinées weekly, and will continue to harrow the feelings of New York femininity until further notice. The agonizing is done through the medium of Bèlot's "Article 47." "The Legion of Honor" is a strong play and utilizes its strength to draw large and appreciative audiences nightly.

The novel machinery, the choice products and Arbuckle's Ninth Regiment Band are all to become things of the past, November 29th, so far as the AMERICAN INSTITUTE EXHIBITION is concerned. "'Tis true, 'tis pity; pity 'tis, 'tis true."

We have not of late been gilding refined gold, or adding a perfume to the violet in the matter of KOSTER & BIAL'S CONCERT HALL, simply because we can't do it; the beer and the light are too good; they don't give us a show.

Miss Kate Claxton's season at the BIJOU OPERA HOUSE was most successful. "The Snow Flower" and the "Two Orphans" were the attractions. The Comly-Barton "Lawn Tennis" Company is with us again.

"Needles and Pins," at DALY'S THEATRE, is tickling its audiences, with the usual result. It was evidently constructed with that object.

The excitement about Sadie Bernhardt has rendered necessary the issue of a fifth edition of Mr. J. Brander Matthews's "Theatres of Paris," perhaps the most lively, entertaining and best work of the kind ever written.

The *Elevated Railroad Journal* is a handsomely got-up paper devoted to Elevated Railroads in particular, and everything in general. We suppose it has a *raison d'être*, and it will deserve well of its readers if it makes a specialty of preventing collisions on the roads which it takes under its protecting wing.

## Answers for the Anxious.

HASELTINE.—She will be glad to hear that PUCK'S ANNUAL is coming out.

SAD HEART.—We should like to oblige you; but we cannot call back the days that are past, nor the earlier numbers of PUCK. We have not a copy of that first issue; and if we had, we should not sell it. We should have it framed in gold and diamonds, and hang it up in our biggest safe.

J. P. LANE.—Why don't you reverse your present process and write stupid letters and funny paragraphs? You waste enough good sound humor to set many a country paragrapher up for a week, in sending on a couple of puns that are so pathetically weak and sick and wretched that from sheer pity we kill them at once, to put them out of their misery.

FAIR PLAY.—If Mr. Wallack had known that you had seen "Die Familie Hörner" in German, and would therefore not enjoy it in English, he would certainly never have put it on merely to please the forty or fifty thousand persons who haven't heard it in the original, and are not likely to possess your advantages and your opportunities for travel in foreign lands. Why didn't you let him know?

H., Troy, N. Y.—Let not your spirit be troubled because you get your Wednesday's paper on Tuesday. Rather thank the gods for permitting you to receive your greatest blessing earlier than the appointed time. PUCK goes to press on Saturday, and the first of the issue goes to the country, while the latest-printed copies are for the city delivery, and are not dealt out to an expectant world before Wednesday morning, the day of their date. Do you feel easier now?

G. G. B., Mansfield, O.—Away down under the Puck Building there are vast, deep and gloomy vaults. The air is cold and heavy. No ray of light ever penetrates those sombre solitudes. Through the apparently interminable corridors of this sepulchral cavern echoes alone the fateful footfall of a mysterious being robed in black and scarlet, who from time to time goes there to deposit a strange, inert burden in one of the chilly chambers hewed in the solid rock. If you will come on here, that melancholy figure will deposit you in one of those little cells—the one marked "G. G. B.—Ohio.—Cause of Death: Suggested Belshazzar's Feast as Subject for Cartoon."

W. P. G.—We are very much obliged to you for your suggestions for pictures. We cannot use any of them; but we must express our admiration of the genius that conceived them. The idea of Kelly as George, and Hancock as the senior Washington, with a cherry-tree, labeled "Bourbonism," is, like the idea of Hancock *Mercutio* telling Tilden *Romeo* that "the hurt isn't, etc., but it is enough—'twill do," beautiful and original; but as no similar subjects have ever been treated before, we don't like to startle the world with them. As to the neat conceit of Barnum "vomiting up" campaign lies, that is of too subtle a delicacy to be appreciated by the vast majority of our readers—altogether too delicate, W. P. G.



OFFICE OF PUCK 23 WARREN ST NEW YORK.

A THANKSGIVING PICTURE WITH





RE. WITH PUCK'S COMPLIMENTS.

## FRESH AS THE DEW.

By ARTHUR W. ZOLA BLACK LOT.

VIII.

*Strange to say—Unanimous.\**

We give it as our opinion:

1. That Mumbo Jumbo, as Patriarch of Moonland, could legally marry people. He was, at the worst a *de facto* officer.<sup>1</sup>
2. That no words on the part of Marmaduke Belvoir or "Anna" were necessary at the time of the ceremony. *Acta exteriora indicant interiora secreta.*<sup>2</sup> What they did is the important point, and there was no dissent to Mumbo Jumbo performing the ceremony.
3. Whether the Patriarch spoke gibberish or not is of no moment. No particular ceremony or form of words is necessary to constitute a marriage.<sup>3</sup>
4. The ceremony being the one used in Moonland for the purpose of marriage, to the knowledge of Mr. Belvoir, it duly married him to the aforesaid "Anna."
5. As they lived in Moonland as husband and wife, and openly admitted that they were husband and wife, they became such irrespective of the ceremony. *Consensus et concubitus faciunt matrimonium.*<sup>4</sup>
6. A marriage, good in the country where it is made, is good everywhere.
7. Marmaduke Belvoir was legally the husband of the aforesaid "Anna."
8. That she turned out different from what he expected does not invalidate the marriage. In marriage contracts as in others the rule is *caveat emptor.*<sup>5</sup>
9. That she was white when he married her and has since turned black does not invalidate the contract. We have an illustration of daily occurrence; no husband can abandon his wife because she has turned gray. Nor is the plea that he has ceased to love her of any avail. *Amor furor brevis est*<sup>6</sup> has become a proverb.
10. Marmaduke Belvoir and Anna Belvoir are to-day husband and wife.

JOSHUA RINGAU,  
PAULIS ASCOT,  
WILKINS JACKSON.

## CHAPTER X.

THE STRANGE ADVENTURES OF A BALLOON.<sup>1</sup>

If fortune wrest that from our grasp  
For which we yearn,  
Our passions may the wearied brain  
To madness turn.—*Akenside.*<sup>2</sup>

It was a beautiful morning three days after the fatal decision had been rendered. The night before Marmaduke had received a telegram from his faithful servant Shemish, whom he had sent on a secret mission. Marmaduke took the early morning train for Montague Castle. On through the sleeping towns and hamlets the train rushed—passing woods,

<sup>1</sup>The author seems to have adopted the view that lawyers never agree. Now it is well known that they will always agree, if the reasons are numerous enough and valuable enough.—*Editor.*

<sup>2</sup>Some Democrats keep asserting that *de facto* officers are better situated than *de jure* ones.—*Editor.*

<sup>3</sup>What you do shows what you are thinking about. (free trans.)—*Author.*

<sup>4</sup>See Swinburne on spousals.—*Author.*

<sup>5</sup>Consent and housekeeping tie people together. (free trans.)—*Author.*

<sup>6</sup>The buyer must keep his eyes peeled. (free trans.)—*Author.*

<sup>7</sup>Love is a short madness. (literal trans.)—*Author.*

<sup>8</sup>Why any adventures of a balloon should be called strange we are at a loss to know. The very essential part of a balloon is that it is at the mercy of the wind. No one can predict what it will do. It may land the aeronaut safely in a mud-pond, or unsafely in the middle of the ocean.—*Editor.*

<sup>9</sup>This verse makes one sarcastically laugh at the weakness of mankind, but it is not funny enough to give the reader its author's name.—*Author.*

streams, villages and towns all palely shrouded in the faint mist of morning, that had a sort of suffused and hidden sunlight in it. The sky \*\*\*\*\* When Marmaduke left the train at the station, the world had not yet awoke.

He hastened at once from the station to the broad heath where he had first met Gulnare. Almost in the centre of the heath swayed a huge balloon, which was fastened by ropes to large stakes driven in the ground. By its side stood his faithful Shemish. As Marmaduke saw the balloon he almost uttered a cry of delight.

"It iss ferry beautiful," said Shemish, who had not lost his Highland manner of speech.

"Have you delivered my message to Miss Montague?"

"I hef delivered it. She iss ferry glad to hear from you. She iss coming here to meet you."

Marmaduke looked at the balloon. It was brimful of gas and fretted at its ropes like a high-spirited steed.

"It iss the brave old *Empire*," said Shemish as he pointed to the name painted across the balloon.<sup>\*</sup>

Marmaduke said nothing, but, shading his eyes with his hand, he looked eagerly across the heath.

Presently he saw a horsewoman approaching. It was Gulnare Montague. Soon she was near him. He uttered a cry—a cry of delight. There was the flesh-and-blood woman, a thousand times more beautiful than the pictures of her that came to him in his dreams. See how she rode—how nobly she sits upon her horse. Mark the play of light and life in her face\*\*\*\*\*

"You have come, Gulnare," he said.  
"You wished to say good-bye, and I came; but the balloon?"

<sup>\*</sup>Alas, the obstinacy of writers! Knowing we could cut it out the author put in more description of scenery. We accept the reader's thanks for cutting it out.—*Editor.*

<sup>\*</sup>If the author drops into the dialect business to any great extent, we will throw the remainder of his manuscript into the waste-basket and finish the story ourselves.—*Editor.*

<sup>\*</sup>We would again suggest that in our opinion the English language is good enough for English novels. If an author wishes to fill his story with Highland gibberish, he should publish it in a Scotch paper.—*Editor.*

<sup>\*</sup>Shemish strikes us at the first blush as a rather fresh youth. If the name was painted on the balloon, Marmaduke could read it there, for it has been nowhere suggested that his early education was neglected.—*Editor.*

<sup>\*</sup>Why will novelists fill their stories with so much unnecessary gush? Our readers will bear us witness that this author hasn't crowded much of that sort of material into our paper. We've "edited" most of it out of the story with the scissors.—*Editor.*

## WANTED.

A tale, the plot of which is not all mush,



And where the characters don't all talk gush.

A stable board of health with but one duty,



To keep our whole land free from epizooty.

A meeting anywhere within his reach



At which Ulysses has not made a speech.

"When I depart, I shall go by the balloon." Let me assist you."

Once more he put his hands to her waist in the old familiar way, and lifted her to the ground.<sup>\*</sup>

"Will you not step into the balloon?" he asked. "I should like hereafter in my wanderings to think that you had stepped into, had sat on the seats of my balloon."

She made a little motion of assent, and he lifted her into the balloon. He quickly followed her, and Shemish assiduously followed him.

Marmaduke showed her the various parts of the balloon, but, ere he did so, he made a sign for which the faithful Shemish was watching. While they were examining the compass, Shemish cut the ropes which fastened the balloon to the stakes, and it bounded like a ball from the earth.<sup>1</sup> Gulnare was frightened by the movement.

"The balloon has escaped," she said, "I am afraid."

"Gulnare," said he, "you are as safe here as in your own room. No one will harm you."

"I want to descend," she said hurriedly. "Put me on the earth again."

"Gulnare, Gulnare," he exclaimed, "don't you understand now? I have stolen you away. In the sight of Jupiter, Gulnare, I am a bachelor."

"But we live in the sight of men, where you are not."<sup>2</sup>

"There was but this way," said he, "to save you for me. We will go away. In the sight of Heaven you will be my wife. And you will forgive me, Gulnare, when you understand the whole affair."

Her amazement had subsided, and she understood what he intended to do. All her womanhood was aroused.

"Oh, you coward! you coward!" she exclaimed with flashing eyes.<sup>3</sup> "And it was to say farewell that you brought me here. But you dare not! Put me ashore I say!"

She turned and looked over the edge of the basket. They were five hundred feet above the surface of the earth, and were still rising, but quite slowly now. She faced him again with flashing eyes, full of fierce indignation and anger.

"I thought you was a gentleman, and you have laid a trap—like a coward."

"And if I am what you have called me, Gulnare," he said mildly, "it is love of you that has made me so."

His proud head was bowed. She would not see that his eyes were full of grief, that every line in his face was drawn there by pain.<sup>4</sup>

<sup>\*</sup>We hope he had a steering apparatus. We sailed for Europe in a balloon, and landed in a cranberry swamp down in Jersey.—*Editor.*

<sup>\*</sup>We have already expressed our disapproval of this manner of helping a lady on or off a horse.—*Editor.*

<sup>1</sup>Most of the balloons which we have observed have not gone up like a ball. At first they have wobbled about and gone up like a fat goose, not accustomed to using her wings.—*Editor.*

<sup>2</sup>That's too clever by half. We feel confident that that girl will end by going on the stage in an emotional American play. She is quite epigrammatic, just like those girls, who travel around the country with their own plays and their own companies—by rail for the first fortnight, and afterwards on foot.—*Editor.*

<sup>3</sup>We felt sure that the author hadn't given that girl red hair for nothing. Now that the explosion has come, we quite congratulate ourselves upon our literary perspicacity. Authors should as a rule pay more respect to the color of the capillary covering of the craniums of their heroines. If they did, red-headed heroines would look up a trifle, for there's nothing like a red-headed girl for a good scene, where the heroine's eyes should flash, and nose dilate, and she should assume the wronged woman's customary attitude.—*Editor.*

<sup>4</sup>We cannot help saying that we admire the author in this chapter. If he had only "piled on the agony" in that style all through the story, we'd bet a thousand dollars to a cent—if any one would take our due-bill—that every shop-girl in America would cry over his story during several dinner-hours.—*Editor.*



"This is simple madness," she exclaimed. "You must be ill."

"No, I am not ill," he said, "nor mad."

She looked at him more particularly, and now she noticed how stern his face was, and she grew frightened.

"Surely, Marmaduke," she said with a little of the old tenderness in her words, "you cannot dream of such a mad thing as carrying me away. Surely you will let me go to my home now."

"I cannot, Gulnare," he said. "You were everything in this world to me, you were the breath of my life. I could not lose you for ever. I could not part from you."

Her pride came to her rescue now.

"Do you mean to say that you will keep me in this balloon until I agree to become your wife?"

"But you will agree to that, Gulnare."

"Never! Not if you should keep this balloon afloat until the silk rotted." Do you think that men can be bigamists at will? Do you think we have no law?"

"I am above the law," he said simply. "In the eyes of Heaven you are my promised wife. If I cannot have you, Gulnare, what is this world to me, what are its laws to me?"

"Leave me," she exclaimed as coolly as if the thing was possible.

He withdrew to the opposite side of the basket. She threw herself into a low chair, which he had placed in the basket for her use. For an hour neither moved, the balloon was sailing eastward. Finally Marmaduke looked at her, and found that, wearied out with her anger, she had fallen asleep.<sup>20</sup> He opened the valve and allowed the balloon slowly to descend. As it neared the ground, he threw out an anchor.

"Shemish," he said to his servant, "you will go down the rope and take this letter to Colonel Montague. Meet me in London as soon as possible. You know the place."

Shemish obeyed orders, and, when he had reached the trees safely, Marmaduke cut the anchor rope, and the balloon again ascended rapidly, and, swifter than before, moved towards the East.<sup>21</sup>

Now indeed the sky had changed. Clouds had gathered and were slowly filling the heavens. A distant rumbling sound of far off thunder, almost inaudible, could be heard. Gulnare woke and sprang to her feet. She gazed around for a moment. They were over the ocean now.

"You do not mean, then, to take me home?" she asked bitterly.

<sup>14</sup>The reader will please understand that mad is here used in the Bloomingdale Asylum sense, not in the sense in which it is used when one little girl says to the other, "I'm mad with you."—*Author*.

<sup>15</sup>That's the way with gals. If hard words don't make you yield, they always resort to taffy.—*Editor*.

<sup>16</sup>Asking unnecessary conundrums, of course. That was quite plain half an hour ago.—*Editor*.

<sup>17</sup>We told you that girl wasn't made red-headed for nothing.—*Editor*.

<sup>18</sup>We really hope the author does not mean that as a joke. We do not think jokes are appropriate to the scene. Beside, he ought to know that his hero was not above the law—of gravitation.—*Editor*.

<sup>19</sup>Isn't that just a trifle theatrical? We can scarcely believe that the girl could have forgotten, even for a moment, that she was in a balloon.—*Editor*.

<sup>20</sup>We think the author put her to sleep there somewhat unnaturally, but then there must be allowances made for the very small space at the author's command. It isn't as if they were in a house where he could send one of them into another room, when occasion demanded.—*Editor*.

<sup>21</sup>We think the author should have been a little more scientific and exact here. He should have explained how many feet the balloon ascended, and how much ballast Marmaduke threw out, and what the arithmetical relations between the two were. More science and less guess is what the modern novel-reader wants.—*Editor*.

"I cannot lose you, Gulnare."

"Oh, you coward! I hate you! I hate you!"

"You cannot mean that, Gulnare," he said with dilated eyes.

"If you were free to wed me now, I would not marry you," she exclaimed. "I loathe the sight of you! I hate you! I hate you!"

A new and strange light came into his eyes; they seemed to burn in their sockets and to glare upon her. Meanwhile the clouds had grown denser, and great white sheets of flame quivered all around. The thunder came in great peals that sounded as if they were at their very feet. The wind roared, and in the flashes of the lightning they could see the sea beneath them lashed into waves mountain high.<sup>22</sup>

"Ah, my darling," he cried, "see, the elements welcome us. It is our wedding-march we hear. Listen! Listen! Listen!"

Just at that moment they saw a blaze of blinding steel-blue light. While they were still dazzled by it, it touched the silk of the balloon. A flash, and then the basket was whirling down, down through space into the deep boiling ocean beneath.<sup>23</sup>

The tempest passed away; the clouds rolled out of sight, and heaven smiled once more; the ocean stilled itself and bore gently upon its bosom the white-winged messengers of commerce; the sun stole out. But there will be weeping in Montague Castle, and when Shemish shall return from London unsuccessful in his search for his master, there will be mourning in the house of the Belvoirs.<sup>24</sup>

[THE END]<sup>25</sup>

<sup>22</sup>We begin to fear that the author has put just a trifle too much red in that girl's hair.—*Editor*.

<sup>23</sup>That is a favorite figure of speech with many authors, though we think it is too high a figure.—*Editor*.

<sup>24</sup>That would seem to end the business, but he might have dropped the basket, and told us what became of the humans.—*Editor*.

<sup>25</sup>This scenery business seems to grow upon the author. When we arrange for another story, we'll put it in the contract that there shall be no scenery in the story.—*Editor*.

<sup>26</sup>The author shows a fine command of very pretty language in his closing passage. Perhaps it is a little too evident that his sentences have got their Sunday clothes on, but that can be pardoned occasionally.—*Editor*.

<sup>27</sup>The next story we edit we'll write the body of, and let the author write the notes. By the present arrangement we do most of the work.—*Editor*.

<sup>28</sup>I hope the next story I write will be less noted and more notorious.—*Author*.

## WANTED.

The mother of your wife so meek and humble,



That, when you raise a storm, she'll take a tumble.

A suit of clothes which, though you're thin and tall,



Will fit "shoost like de paper on de vall."

A girl with sense, who is not old enough



To be described as rather stale and tough.

## Puck's Arranges.

### STILL ANOTHER TURNCOAT.

SPEAKING of railway travel we are reminded of an incident which shows that unless the next Congress makes the wearing of those horrible garments known as reversible ulsters a penitentiary offense, fraud and deception will soon become rampant in our midst.

A maiden lady coming to California on the overland last month made the acquaintance of an interesting young man in a gray overcoat, just as they passed Indianapolis. By the time they reached Chicago he occupied two-thirds of her seat and three-fourths of her lunch basket. At Omaha he had made such progress in securing her affections that she allowed him to pop corn on the car-stove for her, and even submitted to his shouting original poetry into her left ear for eighty-five miles.

At Sherman she accepted his proposal of marriage, slept on his shoulder, and confided to his care her ticket and pocketbook.

Passing Reno the gay deceiver disappeared, and the next morning he actually returned from the rear car, whether he had repaired to reverse his ulster, and actually rode the rest of the way in the next seat to the bereaved and distracted female without detection. Although Governor Stanford has implored us on his knees not to publish these facts, we do so as a warning to confiding women to be prepared for this newest and most terrible peril of the rail.—*San Francisco Post*.

THE Chairman of the Committee on Astronomy heaved a deep sigh and reported as follows: "Dis committee am well awar' of de fact dat a comet has recently bin diskivered about 60,000,000 miles on de road to Heaban, an' dat it am now supposed to be approachin' de y'arth at a rapid rate, but de committee sees no speshul occashun to get excited. It will be a month or so before de said comet can git here, an' de chances am dat de 'arth will mash it at de fust bump. Dis committee advises de members of de club to git dar' butes tapped, dar' overcoats patched an' dar' wood hauled up fur winter, an' let the comet bizness take keer o' itself."—*Deloit Free Press*.

THE N. Y. *Tribune* critic says of Bernhardt's acting: "There is the lava-like temperament of a strange exotic genius, sleepless, alert, vigilant, forever consuming itself, forever potent to light in human hearts the spark of aspiration that makes humanity god-like and so redeems the commonness of the mortal world." The next thing we know some patent medicine man will appropriate the foregoing quotation and tack on to the tail end of it: "One bottle of Dr. Kupp's Liver Elixir effected a perfect cure. Beware of imitations. For sale by all druggists."—*Norristown Herald*.

IN Chief Justice Shea's "part" of the Marine Court, two learned counsel of the law, who should have known better, are said to have given each other the lie direct. The Chief, drawing himself up with a severe air, said after a few moments' pause: "As no one in court appears disposed to contradict either of the gentlemen, let the argument proceed." This telling reproof was felt through the court to be more effective than the usual dignified judicial censure would have been.—*The Hour*.

SARAH BERNHARDT must have stepped off the steamer real easy at New York. This end of the country didn't tip up a particle.—*Quincey Modern Argo*.

The Crown Tooth Brushes clean and polish the teeth. Bristles warranted not to come out.

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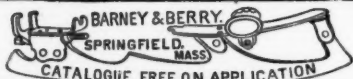
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A FASHION-PAPER tells us that silken hosiery is now the rage in Paris, "with insertions of portraits and medallions of point lace." Of all the places for wearing portraits—but never mind. Who can do justice to this subject?—*Elmira Free Press.*

THE United States Navy was reviewed the other day. The procession of marines and sailors was so large that it took three and three-quarter seconds to pass a given point. —*Phila. Chronicle-Herald.*

We are glad to learn that a new song entitled "When the Corn is Waving, Annie Dear," is becoming very popular. If Annie would only ring in a few beans with the corn she would have a fine article of succotash, thereby combining something to eat with her musical effort. —*Chicago Tribune.*

THERE is a new play called "Four Hundred Wives." This is three hundred and ninety-nine too much for an ordinary man, and four hundred too much for some men. —*New Haven Register.*

AN exchange says: "The latest freak in finishing a basque is to cut the lowest edge into leaves and insert a plaiting between the leaves." Gradually we are returning to our primitive innocence and purity. —*St. Louis Spirit.*

TRAVELERS cannot be too careful where they wipe their foreheads in this hot weather and these troublous times. The other day, just as a crowded target excursion train was passing Duncan's Mills, a man entered a car containing a full company of militia, holding his hat in his hand. Instantly seventy-two musket-balls pierced his breast, and he fell to the floor a mangled corpse. At the inquest it was explained that the passengers supposed the deceased was one of those "another straw" fiends, about to take up a Presidential vote on the train. —*San Francisco Post.*

### Humbugged Again.

I saw so much said about the merits of Hop Bitters, and my wife, who was always doctoring, teased me so urgently to get her some, I concluded to be humbugged again; and I am glad I did, for in less than two months use of the Bitters my wife was cured, and she has remained so for eighteen months since. I like such humbugging. —H. T., St. Paul. —*Pioneer Press*

The name "Tabby cat" was derived from Atab, a famous street in Bagdad, but the name BLACKWELL'S FRAGRANT DURHAM BULL SMOKING TOBACCO is applied to the finest and most fragrant Smoking Tobacco manufactured in the world. Try it. None genuine without the Bull on each package.

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Philadelphia.

NOAH wasn't at all adapted to poker playing. He supplied himself with pairs enough, but in no case four of a kind.—*Boston Post.*

A BALTIMORE clergyman recently preached on the subject—"Why was Lazarus a beggar?" We suppose because he didn't advertise.—*Burlington Hawk, Jr.*

BERNHARDT is a great actress, but for fire she can't compare with Kate Claxton. Another instance of where America leads the world.—*Phila. Kronicle-Herald.*

THE woman who trims her own bonnet can always be picked out of a crowd by other women; now if men only had this peculiar gift of selection.—*New Haven Register.*

A BLIND negro trying to catch mice in a dark cellar by a firefly lamp would be no more helpless than a Buffalo millionaire or alderman feeling his way along our streets after night-fall.—*Buffalo Express.*

ONE of the comets recently discovered has entirely disappeared. It is now supposed to have been the Hancock boom diving for the deepest depths of the unknowableness of the unknowable.—*Norristown Herald.*

GARFIELD, Arthur, Hancock and English are all Free Masons, but we don't see how this can account for the election of the two former and defeat of the latter. But perhaps English didn't pay his dues.—*Oil City Derrick.*

THERE are men who would feel themselves grossly insulted if it were insinuated that they are not gentlemen, who couldn't gain admission to a respectable house without the employment of a jimmy.—*Cincinnati Saturday Night.*

ALTHOUGH the President-elect hasn't intimated his intentions, we announce without fear of contradiction that no man with a nose over fifteen feet in length will receive an appointment under the coming administration.—*Phila. Kronicle-Herald.*

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STUDY, little girl, persevere, be eccentric, sleep in a coffin, sculp skulls, and you may yet own as many trunks as Sarah Bernhardt.—*N. Y. Commercial Advertiser.*

A CHICAGO grocer sells soap, every tenth cake of which contains in its centre a gold dollar, and the citizens of Chicago are getting to look tolerably clean.—*Boston Post.*

THE Baptist Convention closed yesterday, there having been no rain since Wednesday night, and consequently there was great lack of materials.—*Baltimore Every Saturday.*

BERNHARDT can wear trousers, and lug a cane, and sport a plug hat, and look quite like a man, but when it comes to throwing a stone at a hen, you see the difference.—*Boston Post.*

THERE is a rumor current that Sarah Bernhardt, the French actress, has arrived in this country. If the report was true, we should think the papers would have said something about it.—*Norristown Herald.*

THE rumor that an attempt was recently made to assassinate President Hayes originated from the fact that a Western man, in his wife's presence, asked him to take a drink and the President fainted.—*Phila. Kronicle-Herald.*

It is now believed that the poetry written by Gen. Garfield in his college days, and printed during the campaign, lost us New Jersey. Walt Whitman lives in New Jersey, and her people don't have much love for rivals.—*Norristown Herald.*

[Grand Rapids Times.]

## A Builder's Testimony.

Chas. S. Strickland, Esq., of 9 Boylston Place, Boston, Mass., after relating his surprising recovery from rheumatism by St. Jacobs Oil, says: "I cannot find words to convey my praise and gratitude to the discoverer of this liniment."

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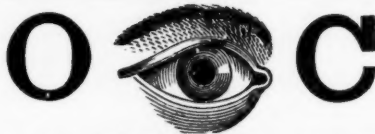
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Charleston, S. C., Mantoue & Co.  
Chicago, Ill., Reid, Murdoch & Fisher.  
Chicago, Ill., Thorwart & Roehling.  
Columbus, O., I. N. Howie.  
Denver, Col., Abel Bros.  
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An excellent appetizing tonic, of exquisite flavor, now used over the whole world, cures Dyspepsia, Diarrhea, Fever and Ague, and all disorders of the Digestive Organs. A few drops impart a delicious flavor to a glass of champagne. Try it, but beware of counterfeits. Ask your grocer or druggist for the genuine article, manufactured by

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THE Queen of England likes to ride in an open carriage in the cold.—Ex. Why not come to Philadelphia and drive a street car this winter?—Phila. Chronicle-Herald.

WE are progressing as a nation toward refinement. The wheelbarrow is now called the unicycle. But it is just as hard to run with a big trunk on it as it was under the old name.—Boston Post.

THE little Spanish Princess snoozes in a seven thousand franc cradle, but when her dear little stomach aches her yells cannot be distinguished from those of a plebian "kid."—Quincy Modern Argo.

AN English doctor says that people troubled with heart disease are more likely to die at midnight than any other time, especially if they are sound sleepers. Get up and shake down the coal stove at 11:45 and you'll be all right.—Detroit Free Press.

A STATEMENT is going around the papers to the effect that a man seldom commits his first murder after he is twenty-eight years old. This is encouraging, as the temptation to throw the autumnal rhymers down stairs is quite frequent to us. It is cheering to know that such a throw won't kill him, because we are over twenty—but here we are giving away our gray hairs in a reckless manner.—New Haven Register.

SARAH BARNYARD, the daddy-long-legs of the French drama, has debut-ed, so to speak, before the Gothamites, and the critics of the New York dailies are all tied up in a bow-knot. And by the way, if a provincial paper can speak its mind about the writings of the theatrical pharmacutists of the metropolitan press, the Leader would like to remark that their articles contain about as much cohesiveness as a can of nitroglycerine suddenly struck by the heel of a nervous mule.—Wheeling Sunday Leader.

Kidney-Wort is a remedy which removes foul humors from the blood, and creates healthy action in every organ. Torpid kidneys and liver lead to gravel, diabetes, constipation, piles and rheumatism. Kidney-Wort is the surest and safest remedy to use.—Rocky Mountain News.

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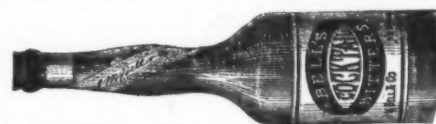
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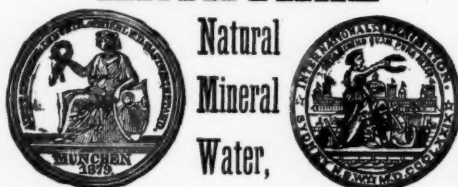
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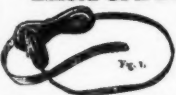
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MR. WINTER, of the *Tribune*, speaks of Mlle. Bernhardt's "strange, exotic genius, sleepless, alert, vigilant, forever consuming itself." Just the way with Tanner's stomach, ever vigilant, always a gobbling of itself up. It is to be earnestly hoped that Mr. Winter may not go and consume himself in the same way, although critics in general are pretty tough eating.—*N. Y. Commercial Advertiser.*

WHEN Mr. Barnum stoops to folly, and finds too late he is an ass, what charm can soothe his melancholy, what art can hide his face of brass? The only art his guilt to cover, and make his prospects any better, is just to own up fair and square, that he got up the Morey letter.—*Albany Journal.*

THE Chinamen are raising peanuts in California. Thus doth the moon-eyed leper profane the most sacred instrumentalities of Caucasian civilisation and culture.—*Boston Transcript.*

THE only remarkable thing thus far about Mlle. Bernhardt's visit is the singular fact that she has not yet endorsed every American piano as "the best" in the market.—*Norr. Herald.*

NEW YORK finds great difficulty in obtaining a site for its World's Fair. Why not erect the buildings on David Davis's shirt-front?—*Phila. Kronicle-Herald.*

If the Bernhardt wants to get fat, she should secure board at a second-class house, and just help herself every time the butter was passed.—*Modern Argo.*

[St. Louis Evening Chronicle.]

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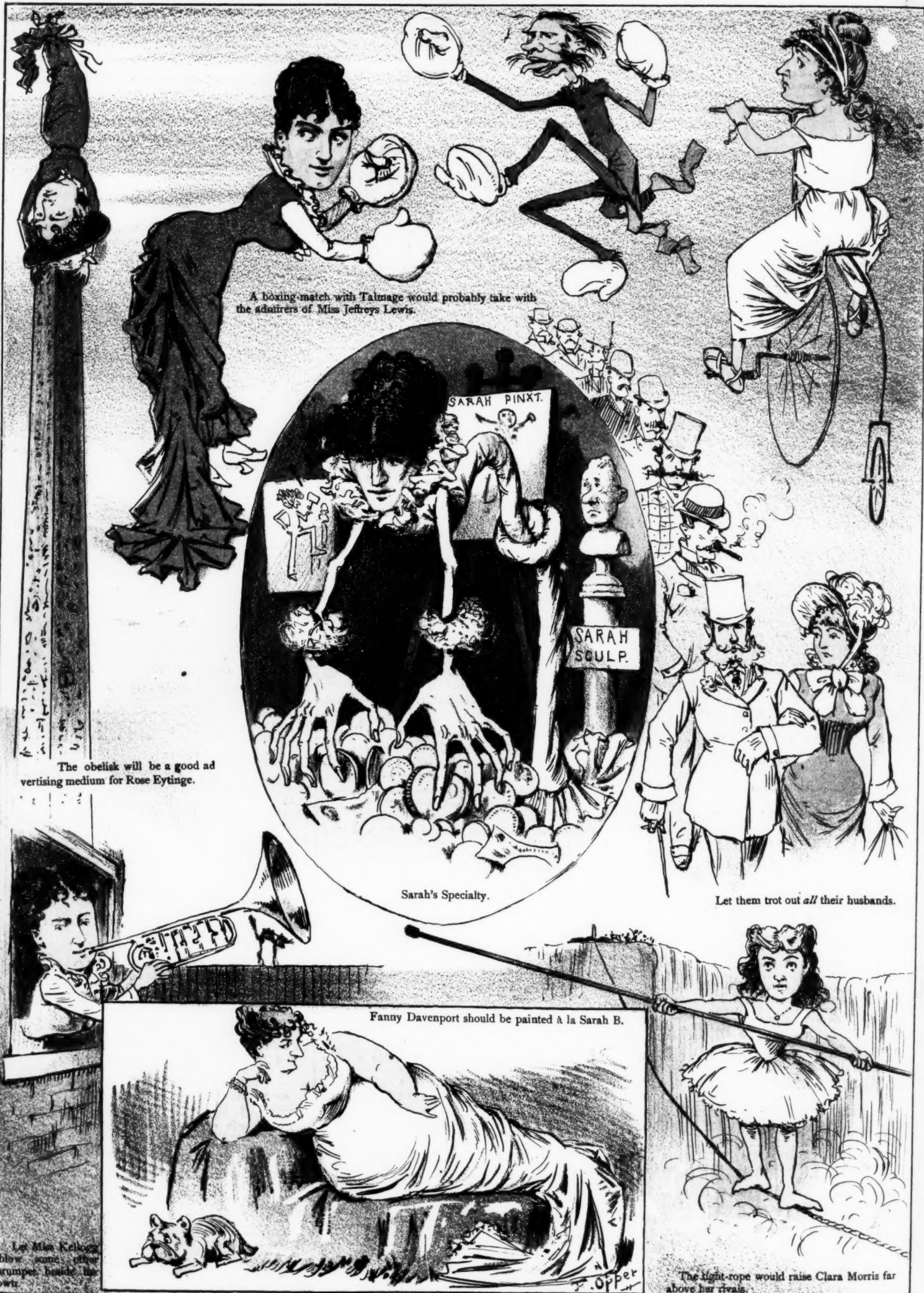
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